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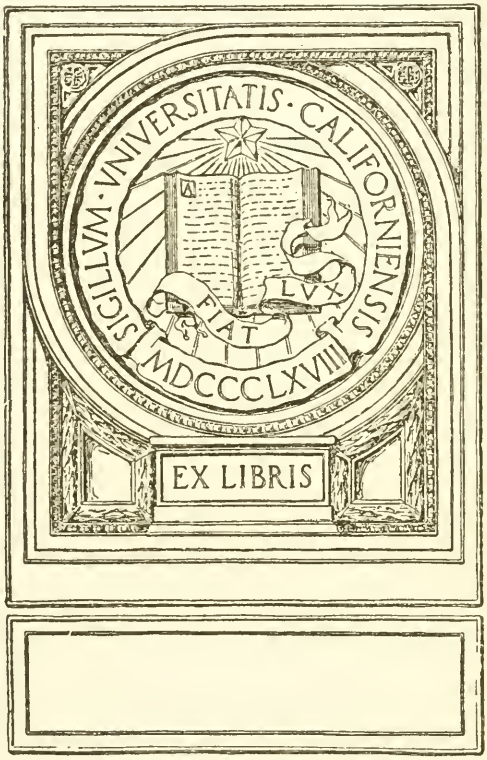

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THE CHILDREN'S SECOND BOOK OF POETRY

SELECTED BY
EMILIE KIP BAKER

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NEW YORK CINCINNATI CHICAGO

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CHILDREN'S SECOND BK. OF POETRY.

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CONTENTS

		PAGE
Abou Ben Adhem	*Leigh Hunt*	23
A Farewell to Land	*Lord Byron*	89
Aladdin	*James Russell Lowell*	24
Allen-a-Dale	*Sir Walter Scott*	70
America	*Samuel F. Smith*	19
Ancient Mariner, Rime of the	*Samuel Taylor Coleridge*	202
Annie Laurie	*William Douglas*	68
Arethusa	*Percy Bysshe Shelley*	172
A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea	*Allan Cunningham*	93
Ballad of Earl Haldan's Daughter	*Charles Kingsley*	46
Behold, the Lord God will come	*Isaiah*	143
Bonnie Dundee	*Sir Walter Scott*	162
Bunches of Grapes	*Walter Rand*	16
Charlie is my Darling	*James Hogg*	187
Comin' through the Rye	*Old Ballad*	67
Daffodils	*William Wordsworth*	20
Fern Song	*John B. Tabb*	201
Helen of Kirkconnell	*Old Song*	160
Home	*W. E. Henley*	141
How's my Boy?	*Sydney Dobell*	182
How they Brought the Good News	*Robert Browning*	90
Hunting Song	*Sir Walter Scott*	105
Hunting Song	*Old Song*	158
John Gilpin	*William Cowper*	124
King Canute	*William Makepeace Thackeray*	58
King John and the Abbot of Canterbury	*Old Ballad*	107
Lady Clare	*Alfred Tennyson*	97

		PAGE
Little Brown Hands	*Mary H. Krout*	29
Lochinvar	*Sir Walter Scott*	62
Lord Lovel	*Old Ballad*	51
Lord Ullin's Daughter	*Thomas Campbell*	64
Lullaby of an Infant Chief	*Sir Walter Scott*	118
Marjorie's Almanac	*Thomas Bailey Aldrich*	17
My Heart's in the Highlands	*Robert Burns*	53
My Old Kentucky Home	*Stephen Collins Foster*	103
Oh! 'tis Weary enough	*Anonymous*	101
Old Folks at Home	*Stephen Collins Foster*	71
Old Ironsides	*Oliver Wendell Holmes*	54
Paul Revere's Ride	*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	81
Proud Maisie	*Sir Walter Scott*	22
Sir Patrick Spens	*Old Ballad*	166
Song of Marion's Men	*William Cullen Bryant*	179
Song of the Western Men	*Robert Stephen Hawker*	117
Spring	*Thomas Nash*	55
Sweet William's Ghost	*Old Ballad*	192
The Ballad of the Oysterman	*Oliver Wendell Holmes*	185
The Beggar Maid	*Alfred Tennyson*	182
The Blue and the Gray	*Francis Miles Finch*	87
The Bold Peddler and Robin Hood	*Old Ballad*	195
The Bonnie Banks o' Fordie	*Old Ballad*	119
The Brook	*Alfred Tennyson*	15
The Bugle Song	*Alfred Tennyson*	77
The Building of the Canoe	*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	73
The Burial of Sir John Moore	*Charles Wolfe*	157
The Cavalier's Escape	*Walter Thornbury*	139
The Charge of the Light Brigade	*Alfred Tennyson*	113
The Children's Hour	*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	48
The City Child	*Alfred Tennyson*	94
The Coming of Spring	*Nora Perry*	56
The Forsaken Merman	*Matthew Arnold*	150
The Fountain	*James Russell Lowell*	171
The Glory of God	*Psalms*	220
The Glove	*Leigh Hunt*	164

		PAGE
The Green Gnome	*Robert Buchanan*	188
The Hag	*Robert Herrick*	137
The Inchcape Rock	*Robert Southey*	198
The Jolly Old Pedagogue	*George Arnold*	43
The Knight's Leap	*Charles Kingsley*	149
The Legend of Bishop Hatto	*Robert Southey*	25
The Mountain and the Squirrel	*Ralph Waldo Emerson*	50
The Pied Piper of Hamelin	*Robert Browning*	31
The Sea	*Barry Cornwall*	147
The Shepherd of King Admetus	*James Russell Lowell*	95
The Snowstorm	*Ralph Waldo Emerson*	104
The Tiger	*William Blake*	115
The Wife of Usher's Well	*Old Ballad*	176
The Year's at the Spring	*Robert Browning*	106
To-day	*Thomas Carlyle*	102
Under the Greenwood Tree	*William Shakespeare*	219
Winter Song	*William Shakespeare*	138
Young Waters	*Old Ballad*	121

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INDEX OF AUTHORS

ALDRICH, THOMAS BAILEY (1836–1907). PAGE
Marjorie's Almanac 17

ARNOLD, GEORGE (1834–1865).
The Jolly Old Pedagogue 43

ARNOLD, MATTHEW (1822–1888).
The Forsaken Merman 150

BLAKE, WILLIAM (1757–1827).
The Tiger 115

BROWNING, ROBERT (1812–1889).
How they Brought the Good News 90
The Pied Piper of Hamelin 31
The Year's at the Spring 106

BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN (1794–1878).
Song of Marion's Men 179

BUCHANAN, ROBERT (1841–1901).
The Green Gnome 188

BURNS, ROBERT (1759–1796).
My Heart's in the Highlands 53

BYRON, GEORGE GORDON (LORD) (1788–1824).
A Farewell to Land 89

CAMPBELL, THOMAS (1777–1844).
Lord Ullin's Daughter 64

CARLYLE, THOMAS (1795–1881).
To-day 102

COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR (1772–1834).
Rime of the Ancient Mariner 202

CORNWALL, BARRY, *see* PROCTER, BRYAN WALLER.

COWPER, WILLIAM (1731–1800).
John Gilpin 124

CUNNINGHAM, ALLAN (1784–1842).
A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea 93

DOBELL, SYDNEY THOMPSON (1824–1874). PAGE
How's my Boy? 182

DOUGLAS, WILLIAM.
Annie Laurie 68

EMERSON, RALPH WALDO (1803–1882).
The Mountain and the Squirrel 50
The Snowstorm 104

FINCH, FRANCIS MILES (1827–1907).
The Blue and the Gray 87

FOSTER, STEPHEN COLLINS (1826–1864).
My Old Kentucky Home 103
Old Folks at Home 71

HAWKER, ROBERT STEPHEN (1803–1873).
Song of the Western Men 117

HENLEY, WILLIAM ERNEST (1840–1903).
Home 141

HERRICK, ROBERT (1591–1674).
The Hag 137

HOGG, JAMES (1770–1835).
Charlie is my Darling 187

HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL (1809–1894).
Old Ironsides 54
The Ballad of the Oysterman 185

HUNT, JAMES HENRY LEIGH (1784–1859).
The Glove 164
Abou Ben Adhem 23

ISAIAH (Hebrew prophet, 740 B.C.).
Behold, the Lord God will come 143

KINGSLEY, CHARLES (1810–1875).
Ballad of Earl Haldan's Daughter 46
The Knight's Leap 149

KROUT, MARY H.
Little Brown Hands 29

LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH (1807–1882).
Paul Revere's Ride 81
The Building of the Canoe 73
The Children's Hour 48

LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL (1819–1891). PAGE
Aladdin 24
The Fountain 171
The Shepherd of King Admetus 95

NASH, THOMAS (1567–1601).
Spring 55

PERRY, NORA (1832–1896).
The Coming of Spring 56

PROCTER, BRYAN WALLER ("BARRY CORNWALL") (1787–1874)
The Sea 147

RAND, WALTER.
Bunches of Grapes 16

SCOTT, SIR WALTER (1771–1832).
Allen-a-Dale 70
Bonnie Dundee 162
Lochinvar 62
Lullaby of an Infant Chief 118
Proud Maisie 22
Hunting Song 105

SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM (1564–1616).
Under the Greenwood Tree 219
Winter Song 138

SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE (1792–1822).
Arethusa 172

SMITH, SAMUEL FRANCIS (1808–1895).
America 19

SOUTHEY, ROBERT (1774–1843).
The Inchcape Rock 198
The Legend of Bishop Hatto 25

TABB, JOHN BANISTER (1845–1909).
Fern Song 201

TENNYSON, ALFRED (1809–1892).
Lady Clare 97
The Beggar Maid 182
The Brook 15
The Bugle Song 77
The Charge of the Light Brigade 113
The City Child 94

THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE (1811–1863).
King Canute 58

THORNBURY, WALTER (1828–1876).
The Cavalier's Escape 139

WOLFE, CHARLES (1791–1823).
The Burial of Sir John Moore 157

WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM (1770–1850).
Daffodils 20

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PART ONE

THE air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin and wren,
But always the path that is narrow
And straight, for the children of men.

Alice Cary.

THE BROOK

I CHATTER, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeams dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses.

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

BUNCHES OF GRAPES

"BUNCHES of grapes," says Timothy;
"Pomegranates pink," says Elaine;
"A junket of cream and a cranberry tart
For me," says Jane.

"Love-in-a-mist," says Timothy;
"Primroses pale," says Elaine;
"A nosegay of pinks and mignonette
For me," says Jane.

"Chariots of gold," says Timothy;
"Silvery wings," says Elaine;
"A bumpity ride in a wagon of hay
For me," says Jane.

WALTER RAND.

Robins in the tree-top,
Blossoms in the grass,
Green things a-growing
Everywhere you pass;
Sudden little breezes,
Showers of silver dew,
Black bough and bent twig,
Budding out anew;
Pine tree and willow tree,
Fringèd elm and larch, —
Don't you think that May-time's
Pleasanter than March?

Apples in the orchard
Mellowing one by one;
Strawberries upturning
Soft cheeks to the sun;
Roses faint with sweetness,
Lilies fair of face,
Drowsy scents and murmurs
Haunting every place;
Lengths of golden sunshine,
Moonlight bright as day, —

Don't you think that summer's
Pleasanter than May?

Roger in the corn patch
Whistling negro songs;
Pussy by the hearthside
Romping with the tongs;
Chestnuts in the ashes
Bursting through the rind;
Red leaf and gold leaf
Rustling down the wind;
Mother "doin' peaches"
All the afternoon, —
Don't you think that autumn's
Pleasanter than June?

Little fairy snowflakes
Dancing in the flue;
Old Mr. Santa Claus,
What is keeping you?
Twilight and firelight
Shadows come and go;
Merry chime of sleigh bells
Tinkling through the snow;

Mother knitting stockings
(Pussy's got the ball), —
Don't you think that winter's
Pleasanter than all?

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet Freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our Fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

DAFFODILS

I WANDER'D lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
  And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretch'd in never ending line
  Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
  Outdid the sparkling waves in glee —
A poet could not but be gay
  In such a jocund company!
I gazed and gazed, but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie,
  In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
  Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

PROUD MAISIE

Proud Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early;
Sweet Robin sits on the bush
Singing so rarely.

"Tell me, thou bonny bird,
When shall I marry me?"
"When six braw[1] gentlemen
Kirkward[2] shall carry ye."

"Who makes the bridal bed,
Birdie, say truly?"
"The gray-headed sexton
That delves the grave duly.

"The glow-worm o'er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady;
The owl from the steeple sing
Welcome, proud lady."

Sir Walter Scott.

[1] braw: *fine.* [2] kirkward: *to the church.*

ABOU BEN ADHEM

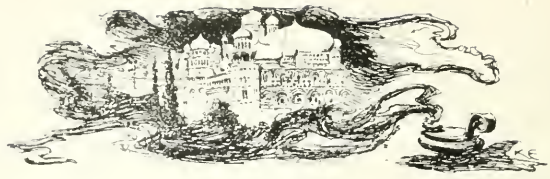
Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.

Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold;
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed;
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

Leigh Hunt.



ALADDIN

When I was a beggarly boy,
And lived in a cellar damp,
I had not a friend nor a toy,
But I had Aladdin's lamp.

When I could not sleep for the cold,
I had fire enough in my brain,
And builded with roofs of gold,
My beautiful castles in Spain!

Since then I have toiled day and night,
I have money and power good store,
But I'd give all my lamps of silver bright
For the one that is mine no more.

Take, Fortune, whatever you choose,
You gave and may snatch again;
I have nothing 'twould pain me to lose,
For I own no more castles in Spain!

James Russell Lowell.

THE LEGEND OF BISHOP HATTO

The summer and autumn had been so wet,
That in winter the corn was growing yet:
'Twas a piteous sight to see, all around,
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor
Crowded round Bishop Hatto's door;
For he had a plentiful last-year's store,
And all the neighborhood could tell
His granaries were furnished well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day
To quiet the poor without delay:
He bade them to his great barn repair,
And they should have food for winter there.

Rejoiced such tidings good to hear,
The poor folk flocked from far and near;
The great barn was full as it could hold
Of women and children, young and old.

Then, when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto, he made fast the door;
And while for mercy on Christ they call,
He set fire to the barn and burned them all.

"I'faith, 'tis an excellent bonfire!" quoth he;
"And the country is greatly obliged to me
For ridding it in these times forlorn
Of rats that only consume the corn."

So then to his palace returned he,
And he sat down to supper merrily,
And he slept that night like an innocent man;
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning as he entered the hall,
Where his picture hung against the wall,
A sweat-like death all over him came;
For the rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he looked, there came a man from his farm;
He had a countenance white with alarm:
"My Lord, I opened your granaries this morn,
And the rats had eaten all your corn."

Another came running presently,
And he was pale as pale as could be:
"Fly, my Lord Bishop, fly!" quoth he,
"Ten thousand rats are coming this way;
The Lord forgive you yesterday!"

"I'll go to my tower on the Rhine," replied he;
"'Tis the safest place in Germany;
The walls are high, and the shores are steep,
And the stream is strong, and the water deep."

Bishop Hatto fearfully hastened away,
And he crossed the Rhine without delay,
And reached his tower, and barred with care
All windows, doors, and loopholes there.

He laid him down, and closed his eyes;
But soon a scream made him arise:
He started and saw two eyes of flame
On his pillow, from whence the screaming came.

He listened and looked; it was only the cat:
But the Bishop he grew more fearful for that;
For she sat screaming, mad with fear
At the army of rats that was drawing near.

For they have swum over the river so deep,
And they have climbed the shore so steep;
And up to the tower their way is bent,
To do the work for which they were sent.

They are not to be told by the dozen or score;
By thousands they come, and by myriads and more;
Such numbers had never been heard of before,
Such a judgment had never been witnessed of yore.

Down on his knees the Bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did tell,
As, louder and louder drawing near,
The gnawing of their teeth he could hear.

And in at the windows and in at the door,
And through the walls, helter-skelter they pour,
And down from the ceiling and up through the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before,
And all at once to the Bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones;
And now they pick the Bishop's bones:
They gnawed the flesh from every limb;
For they were sent to do judgment on him!

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

LITTLE BROWN HANDS

They drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat fields,
That are yellow with ripening grain.

They find, in the thick waving grasses,
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows.
They gather the earliest snowdrops,
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the new hay in the meadow;
They gather the elder bloom white;
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.

They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than Italy's wines;
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate seaweeds,
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful sea shells, —
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.

They wave from the tall, rocking tree tops
Where the oriole's hammock nest swings;
And at night time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And so from these brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.

The pen of the author and statesman, —
The noble and wise of the land, —
The sword, and the chisel, and palette,
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

MARY H. KROUT.

"I FIND earth not gray, but rosy,
Heaven not grim, but fair of hue.
Do I stoop, I pick a posy,
Do I stand and stare — all's blue."

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its walls on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

Rats!
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
"'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation — shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!

* * * * *

Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.
An hour they sat in council;
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"Oh, for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what would hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"

* * * * *

"Come in!" — the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red.

And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in;
There was no guessing his kith and kin:
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.

* * * * *

He advanced to the council table:
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep or swim or fly or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole and toad and newt and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the selfsame check;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;

And his fingers they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)

"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire bats:
And as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
"One? fifty thousand!" — was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the Piper stepped,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;

And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered:
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives —
Followed the Piper for their lives.

From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished!
— Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he, the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary:
Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,

And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press's gripe:
And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter casks:
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, 'Oh, rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!'
And just as a bulky sugar puncheon,
Already staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore me!'
— I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles,
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace

Of the rats!" — when suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market place,
With a, "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

A thousand guilders! The mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.

* * * * *

To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
"Beside," quoth the Mayor with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait, . . .
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe after another fashion."

149852

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I brook
Being worse treated than a cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

Once more he stepped into the street,
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,
— Could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However, he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When, lo, as they reached the mountain side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain side shut fast.

Did I say, all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say, —
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me.
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where water gushed and fruit trees grew
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honeybees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings:
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

Alas, alas! for Hamelin!
There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says that heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South,
To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.

But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
"And so long after what happened here
On the Twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy six:"
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it the Pied Piper's Street —

Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away,
And there it stands to this very day.

And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people who ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbors lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin Town in Brunswick land,
But how or why, they don't understand.

ABRIDGED FROM ROBERT BROWNING.

THE JOLLY OLD PEDAGOGUE

'Twas a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,
Tall and slender, and sallow and dry;
His form was bent, and his gait was slow,
His long, thin hair was as white as snow,
But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye;
And he sang every night as he went to bed;
"Let us be happy down here below:
The living should live, though the dead be dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He taught his scholars the rule of three,
Writing, and reading, and history, too;
He took the little ones up on his knee,
For a kind old heart in his breast had he,
And the wants of the littlest child he knew:
"Learn while you're young," he often said,
"There is much to enjoy, down here below;
Life for the living, and rest for the dead!"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

With the stupidest boys he was kind and cool,
Speaking only in gentlest tones;
The rod was hardly known in his school —
Whipping, to him, was a barbarous rule,
And too hard work for his poor old bones;
Beside, it was painful, he sometimes said:
"We should make life pleasant, down here below,
The living need charity more than the dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He lived in the house by the hawthorn lane,
With roses and woodbine over the door;
His rooms were quiet, and neat, and plain,
But a spirit of comfort there held reign,
And made him forget he was old and poor;
"I need so little," he often said;
"And my friends and relatives here below
Won't litigate over me when I am dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

But the pleasantest times that he had, of all,
Were the sociable hours he used to pass,
With his chair tipped back to a neighbor's wall,
Making an unceremonious call,
Over a pipe and a friendly glass:

This was the finest pleasure, he said,
Of the many he tasted, here below;
"Who has no cronies, had better be dead!"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

Then the jolly old pedagogue's wrinkled face
Melted all over in sunshiny smiles;
He stirred his glass with an old-school grace,
Chuckled, and sipped, and prattled apace,
Till the house grew merry, from cellar to tiles;
"I'm a pretty old man," he gently said,
"I have lingered a long while, here below;
But my heart is fresh, if my youth is fled!"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He smoked his pipe in the balmy air,
Every night when the sun went down,
While the soft wind played in his silvery hair,
Leaving its tenderest kisses there,
On the jolly old pedagogue's jolly old crown:
And, feeling the kisses, he smiled, and said,
"'Twas a glorious world, down here below;
Why wait for happiness till we are dead?"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He sat at his door, one midsummer night,
After the sun had sunk in the west,
And the lingering beams of golden light
Made his kindly old face look warm and bright,
While the odorous night-wind whispered, "Rest!"
Gently, gently, he bowed his head —
There were angels waiting for him, I know,
He was sure of happiness, living or dead,
This jolly old pedagogue, long ago!

GEORGE ARNOLD.

BALLAD OF EARL HALDAN'S DAUGHTER

IT was Earl Haldan's daughter,
She looked across the sea;
She looked across the water;
And long and loud laughed she:
"The locks of six princesses,
Must be my marriage fee,
So, hey, bonny boat, and ho, bonny boat!
Who comes a-wooing me?"

It was Earl Haldan's daughter,
She walked along the sand;

When she was aware of a knight so fair,
Came sailing to the land.
His sails were all of velvet,
His masts of beaten gold,
And "Hey, bonny boat, and ho, bonny boat!
Who saileth here so bold?"

"The locks of five princesses,
I won beyond the sea;
I clipt their golden tresses,
To fringe a cloak for thee.
One handful yet is wanting,
But one of all the tale;
So, hey, bonny boat, and ho, bonny boat!
Furl up thy velvet sail!"

He leapt into the water,
That rover, young and bold;
He gripped Earl Haldan's daughter,
He clipped her locks of gold:
"Go weep, go weep, proud maiden,
The tale is full to-day.
Now, hey, bonny boat, and ho, bonny boat!
Sail Westward ho! away!"

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes,
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all!

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there I will keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL

The mountain and the squirrel
  Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter "Little Prig."
  Bunn replied: —
"You are doubtless very big,
  But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together
  To make up a year
And a sphere;
  And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
  If I'm not as large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry;
I'll not dery you make
  A very pretty squirrel track.
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
  Neither can you crack a nut."

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

LORD LOVEL

Lord Lovel was standing at his stable door,
  Combing his milk-white steed;
And out came lady Nancybell,
  To wish her lover good speed.

"Oh, where are you going, Lord Lovel?" she said,
  "I pray you tell to me:"
"Oh, I am going a far journey,
  Some strange countrie to see."

"And when will you return, Lord Lovel?" she said,
  "I pray you tell to me."
"Oh, I'll return in seven long years,
  Fair Nancybell for to see."

He had not been in merry England
  A month but barely three,
When languishing thoughts came into his mind,
  And Nancybell fain would he see.

So he rode and he rode along the highway
  Till he came to yonder town;
He heard the sound of a chapel bell,
  And the ladies were mourning around.

He asked them who it was that was dead,
And the ladies did him tell:
They said, "It is fair Nancybell,
She died for Lord Lovel."

The lid of the coffin he opened up,
The linens he folded down,
And now he kissed the pale, pale lips,
And the tears came trickling down.

"Oh, hast thou died, fair Nancybell,
Oh, hast thou died for me?
Oh, hast thou died, fair Nancybell?
Then I will die for thee!"

Lady Nancybell died, as it were, this day,
Lord Lovel, he died to-morrow.
Lady Nancybell died of pure, pure love,
Lord Lovel, he died of sorrow.

Lady Nancy was buried in St. Mary's church,
Lord Lovel in the choir,
And out of her breast there sprang a red rose,
And out of Lord Lovel's sweet-briar.

They grew and they grew to the top of the church,
And then they could grow no higher,
They grew till they made a true-lover's knot,
For all true lovers to admire.

OLD BALLAD.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birthplace of valor, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands forever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

ROBERT BURNS.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;

Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

SPRING

SPRING, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring;
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and the may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit;
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!
Spring! the sweet spring!

THOMAS NASH.

THE COMING OF SPRING

There's something in the air
That's new and sweet and rare —
A scent of summer things,
A whirr as if of wings.

There's something too that's new
In the color of the blue
That's in the morning sky,
Before the sun is high.

And though on plain and hill,
'Tis winter, winter still,
There's something seems to say
That winter's had its day.

And all this changing tint,
This whispering stir and hint
Of bud and bloom and wing,
Is the coming of the spring.

And to-morrow or to-day
The brooks will break away
From their icy, frozen sleep,
And run and laugh and leap.

And the next thing, in the woods,
The catkins in their hoods
Of fur and silk will stand,
A sturdy little band.

And the tassels soft and fine
Of the hazel will entwine,
And the elder branches show
Their buds against the snow.

So, silently, but swift,
Above the wintry drift,
The long days gain and gain,
Until, on hill and plain,

Once more, and yet once more
Returning as before,
We see the bloom of birth
Make young again the earth.

NORA PERRY.

KING CANUTE

King Canute was weary-hearted: he had reigned for years a score,
Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, killing much and robbing more;
And he thought upon his actions, walking by the wild seashore.

On that day a something vexed him; that was clear to old and young;
Thrice his Grace had yawned at table when his favorite gleemen sung;
Once the Queen would have consoled him, but he bade her hold her tongue.

"Something ails my gracious master," cried the Keeper of the Seal.
"Sure, my lord, it is the lampreys served at dinner, or the veal?"
"Pshaw!" exclaimed the angry monarch. "Keeper, 'tis not that I feel.

"'Tis the heart and not the dinner, fool, that doth my rest impair:
Can a king be great as I am, prithee, and yet know no care?
Oh, I'm sick, and tired, and weary." Some one cried, "The King's armchair!"

Then towards the lackeys turning, quick my Lord the Keeper nodded:
Straight the King's great chair was brought him, by two footmen able-bodied;
Languidly he sank into it: it was comfortably wadded.

"Ah! I feel," said old King Canute, "that my end is drawing near."
"Don't say so," exclaimed the courtiers (striving each to squeeze a tear):
"Sure your Grace is strong and lusty, and may live this fifty year."

"Live these fifty year!" the Bishop roared, with actions made to suit.
"Are you mad, my good Lord Keeper, thus to speak of King Canute?
Men have lived a thousand years, and sure his Majesty will do't.

"With his skill in healing ne'er a doctor can compete:
Loathsome lepers, if he touch them, start up clean upon their feet:
Surely he could raise the dead up, did his Highness think it meet.

"Did not once the Jewish captain stay the sun upon the hill,
And, the while he slew the foemen, bid the silver moon stand still?
So, no doubt, could gracious Canute, if it were his sacred will."

"Might I stay the sun above us, good Sir Bishop?" Canute cried;
"Could I bid the silver moon to pause upon her heavenly ride?
If the moon obeys my orders, sure I can command the tide.

"Will the advancing waves obey me, Bishop, if I make the sign?"
Said the Bishop, bowing lowly, "Land and sea, my lord, are thine."
Canute turned towards the ocean. "Back!" he said, "thou foaming brine!

"From the sacred shore I stand on, I command thee to retreat;
Venture not, thou stormy rebel, to approach thy master's seat:
Ocean, be thou still! I bid thee come not nearer to my feet!"
But the sullen ocean answered, with a louder, deeper roar;
And the rapid waves drew nearer, falling sounding on the shore:
Back the Keeper and the Bishop, back the King and courtiers bore.
And he sternly bade them nevermore to bow to human clay,
But alone to praise and worship That which earth and seas obey;
And his golden crown of empire never wore he from that day.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

LOCHINVAR

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west.
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best,
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske River where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bridesmen and kinsmen and brothers and all:
Then spoke the bride's father his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide —
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up;
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar, —
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,
And the bridesmaidens whispered, "'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the charger
stood near;

So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scar;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
There was racing and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound,
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief — I'm ready;
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady:

"And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armèd men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her, —
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gather'd o'er her.

And still they row'd amid the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismay'd, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover: —
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter! oh, my daughter!—"

'Twas vain:— the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing:—
The waters wild went o'er his child,—
And he was left lamenting.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE

GIN a body meet a body
Comin' thro' the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?
Every lassie has her laddie—
Ne'er a one hae I;
Yet a' the lads they smile at me
When comin' thro' the rye.

Amang the train, there is a swain
I dearly lo'e mysel',
But what's his name or whaur his hame,
I dinna care to tell.

Every lassie has her laddie —
Ne'er a one hae I;
Yet a' the lads they smile at me
When comin' thro' the rye.

Gin a body meet a body,
Comin' frae the town,
Gin a body greet a body,
Need a body frown?
Every lassie has her laddie —
Ne'er a one hae I;
Yet a' the lads they smile at me
When comin' thro' the rye.

OLD SONG.

ANNIE LAURIE

MAXWELTON braes are bonnie
Where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gie'd me her promise true —
Gie'd me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doun and dee.

Her brow is like the snawdrift,
  Her throat is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
  That e'er the sun shone on;
  That e'er the sun shone on —
And dark blue is her e'e;
  And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doun and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying
  Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
Like the winds in summer sighing,
  Her voice is low and sweet —
  Her voice is low and sweet;
And she's a' the world to me;
  And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doun and dee.

WILLIAM DOUGLAS.

ALLEN-A-DALE

Allen-a-Dale has no fagot for burning,
Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,
Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,
Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning.
Come, read me my riddle! come, hearken my tale!
And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,
And he views his domains upon Arkindale side,
The mere for his net, and the land for his game,
The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame;
Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale,
Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale!

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,
Though his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as bright:
Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word;
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will vail
Who at Rere-cross on Stanmore meets Allen-a-Dale!

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come;
The mother, she asked of his household and home:
"Though the castle of Richmond stand fair on the hill,
My hall," quoth bold Allen, "shows gallanter still;
'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale,
And with all its bright spangles!" said Allen-a-Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was stone;
They lifted the latch, and they bade him be gone;
But loud, on the morrow, their wail and their cry:
He had laughed on the lass with his bonny black eye,
And she fled to the forest to hear a love tale,
And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

WAY down upon de Swanee Ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere's wha my heart is turning ebber,
Dere's wha de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

All de world am sad and dreary,
Eb'rywhere I roam;
Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home!

All round de little farm I wandered
When I was young,
Den many happy days I squandered,
Many de songs I sung.

When I was playing wid my brudder
Happy was I;
Oh, take me to my kind old mudder!
Dere let me live and die.

One little hut among de bushes,
One dat I love,
Still sadly to my memory rushes,
No matter where I rove.

When will I see de bees a-humming
All round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming,
Down in my good old home?

All de world am sad and dreary,
Eb'rywhere I roam;
Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home!

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER.

THE BUILDING OF THE CANOE

"GIVE me of your bark, O Birch Tree!
Of your yellow bark, O Birch Tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,
That shall float upon the river
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water lily!
"Lay aside your cloak, O Birch Tree!
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
For the summer time is coming,
And the sun is warm in Heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper!"
Thus aloud cried Hiawatha.

And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"
With his knife the tree he girdled;
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots, he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing outward,
Down the trunk, from top to bottom.
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the bark unbroken.

"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!
Of your strong and pliant branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more firm and strong beneath me!"
Through the summit of the Cedar
Went a sound, a cry of horror,
Went a murmur of resistance;
But it whispered, bending downward,
"Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!"
Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,
Shaped them straightway to a framework,

Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
Like two bended bows together.
"Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch Tree!
My canoe to bind together,
So to bind the ends together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"
And the Larch, with all its fibers,
Shivered in the air of morning,
Touched his forehead with its tassels,
Said with one long sigh of sorrow,
"Take them all, O Hiawatha."
From the earth he tore the fibers,
Tore the tough roots of the Larch Tree,
Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the framework.

"Give me of your balm, O Fir Tree!
Of your balsam and your resin,
So to close the seams together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"
And the Fir Tree, tall and somber,

Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
Answered wailing, answered weeping,
"Take my balm, O Hiawatha!"

And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the Fir Tree,
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,
Made each crevice safe from water.

"Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog!
All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog!
I will make a necklace of them,
Make a girdle for my beauty,
And two stars to deck her bosom!"

From a hollow tree the Hedgehog
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,
Shot his shining quills, like arrows,
Saying with a drowsy murmur
Through the tangle of his whiskers,
"Take my quills, O Hiawatha!"

From the ground the quills he gathered,
All the little shining arrows,
Stained them red and blue and yellow,
With the juice of roots and berries;

Into his canoe he wrought them,
Round its waist a shining girdle,
Round its bows a gleaming necklace,
On its breast two stars resplendent.

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded
In the valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the forest;
And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and magic,
All the lightness of the birch tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews;
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water lily.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

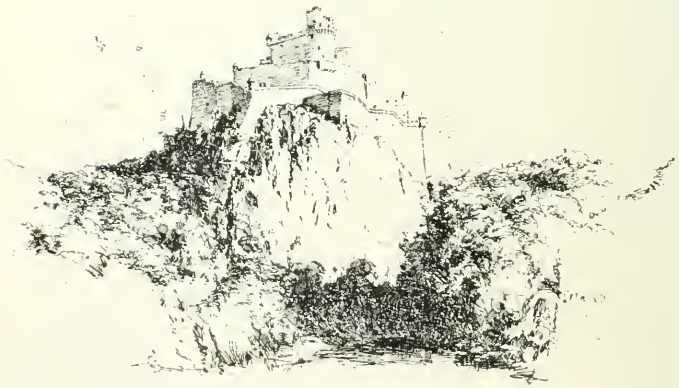
THE BUGLE SONG

THE splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

ALFRED TENNYSON.



PART TWO

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
  So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
  The youth replies, "I can."

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.
He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light, —
One, if by land, and two if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."
Then he said, "Good night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The *Somerset*, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,

And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.
Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the somber rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade, —
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still

That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay, —
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and somber and still.

And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!
A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides:
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.
It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,

And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meetinghouse windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.
It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British Regulars fired and fled, —

How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the redcoats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.
So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm, —
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;

Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Broidered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done.
In the storm of years that are fading
No braver battle was won:

Under the sod and the dew,
  Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
  Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,
  Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
  When they laurel the graves of our dead:
Under the sod and the dew,
  Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
  Tears and love for the Gray.

FRANCIS MILES FINCH.

A FAREWELL TO LAND

ADIEU, adieu! my native shore
  Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night winds sigh, the breakers roar,
  And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea
  We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
  My native land — Good-night!

LORD BYRON.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch as the gate bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girth tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheekstrap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church steeple we heard the half chime,
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,

To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray:

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence, — ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick, heavy spume flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix" — for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So, we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!" — and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or
good.
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is — friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news
from Ghent.

ROBERT BROWNING.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
And a wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast, —
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on our lee.

Oh, for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the swelling breeze,
And white waves heaving high, —
The white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free;
The world of waters is our home.
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornéd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
But hark the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud;

The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free —
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THE CITY CHILD

DAINTY little maiden, whither would you wander?
Whither from this pretty home, the home where mother dwells?
"Far and far away," said the dainty little maiden,
"All among the gardens, auriculas, anemones,
Roses and lilies and Canterbury bells."

Dainty little maiden, whither would you wander?
Whither from this pretty house, this city house of ours?
"Far and far away," said the dainty little maiden,
"All among the meadows, the clover and the clematis
Daisies and kingcups and honeysuckle flowers."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE SHEPHERD OF KING ADMETUS

There came a youth upon the earth,
Some thousand years ago,
Whose slender hands were nothing worth,
Whether to plow or reap or sow.

Upon an empty tortoise shell
He stretched some cords, and drew
Music that made men's bosoms swell
Fearless, or brimmed their eyes with dew.

Then King Admetus, one who had
Pure taste by right divine,
Decreed his singing not too bad
To hear between the cups of wine.

And so, well pleased with being soothed
Into a sweet half-sleep,
Three times his kingly beard he smoothed
And made him viceroy o'er his sheep.

His words were simple words enough,
And yet he used them so,
That what in other mouths was rough
In his seemed musical and low.

Men called him but a shiftless youth,
In whom no good they saw;
And yet, unwittingly, in truth,
They made his careless words their law.

They knew not how he learned at all,
For idly, hour by hour,
He sat and watched the dead leaves fall,
Or mused upon a common flower.

It seemed the loveliness of things
Did teach him all their use,
For in mere weeds, and stones, and springs,
He found a healing power profuse.

Men granted that his speech was wise,
But when a glance they caught
Of his slim grace and woman's eyes,
They laughed and called him good-for-naught.

Yet after he was dead and gone,
And e'en his memory dim,
Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,
More full of love, because of him.

And day by day more holy grew
  Each spot where he had trod,
Till after-poets only knew
  Their first-born brother as a god.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

LADY CLARE

IT was the time when lilies blow
  And clouds are highest up in air;
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
  To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn:
  Lovers long betroth'd were they:
They too will wed the morrow morn:
  God's blessing on the day!

"He does not love me for my birth,
  Nor for my lands so broad and fair;
He loves me for my own true worth,
  And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse;
  Said: "Who was this that went from thee?"
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare;
  "To-morrow he weds with me."

"O God be thank'd!" said Alice the nurse,
"That all comes round so just and fair:
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of mind, my nurse, my nurse,"
Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"
"As God's above," said Alice the nurse,
"I speak the truth: you are my child.

"The old Earl's daughter died at my breast;
I speak the truth, as I live by bread!
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother," she said, "if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's
When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie.
Pull off, pull off the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret all ye can."
She said: "Not so: but I will know
If there be any faith in man."

"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse;
"The man will cleave unto his right."
"And he shall have it," the lady replied,
"Tho' I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!
Alas! my child, I sinn'd for thee."
"O mother, mother, mother," she said,
"So strange it seems to me.

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so,
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown,
  She was no longer Lady Clare:
She went by dale, and she went by down,
  With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
  Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
  And follow'd her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower:
  "O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!
Why come you drest like a village maid,
  That are the flower of the earth?"

"If I come drest like a village maid,
  I am but as my fortunes are:
I am a beggar born," she said,
  "And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
  "For I am yours in word and in deed.
Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
  "Your riddle is hard to read."

Oh, and proudly stood she up!
Her heart within her did not fail:
She look'd into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laugh'd a laugh of merry scorn:
He turn'd and kiss'd her where she stood.
"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the next in blood —

"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

OH! 'TIS WEARY ENOUGH

OH! 'tis weary enough abroad to bide,
In the shivery midnight blast;
And 'tis dreary enough alone to ride,
Hungry and cold,
On the wintry wold,
Where the drifting snow falls fast.

But 'tis cheery enough to revel by night,
In the crackling fagot's light;
'Tis merry enough to have and to hold
The savory roast,
And the nut-brown toast,
With jolly good ale and old.

TO-DAY

HERE hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

Out of Eternity
This new day was born;
Unto Eternity,
At night, will return.

Here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

THOMAS CARLYLE.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home;
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corn-top's ripe, and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.

The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy, and bright;
By-'n'-by hard times comes a-knocking at the door: —
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

Weep no more, my lady,
Oh, weep no more to-day!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home, far away.

They hunt no more for the 'possum and the coon,
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door.

The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow, where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkies have to part: —
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

The head must bow, and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darkey may go;
A few more days, and the trouble all will end,
In the field where the sugar canes grow.

A few more days for to tote the weary load, —
No matter, 'twill never be light;
A few more days till we totter on the road: —
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER.

THE SNOWSTORM

ANNOUNCED by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,
And veils the farmhouse at the garden's end.
The sled and traveler stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, inclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

HUNTING SONG

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk, and horse, and hunting spear!
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray,
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming;
And foresters have busy been,
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chant our lay,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the greensward haste away;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot and tall of size;

We can show the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd;
You shall see him brought to bay.
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Louder, louder chant the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay!
Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee
Run a course as well as we;
Time, stern huntsman! who can balk,
Stanch as hound, and fleet as hawk?
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE YEAR'S AT THE SPRING

THE year's at the spring,
The day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven —
All's right with the world!

ROBERT BROWNING.

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY

An ancient story I'll tell you anon
Of a notable prince, that was called King John:
And he ruled England with main and with might,
For he did great wrong and maintain'd little right.

And I'll tell you a story, a story so merry,
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury;
How for his housekeeping and high renown,
They rode post for him to fair London town.

An hundred men, the King did hear say,
The Abbot kept in his house every day;
And fifty gold chains, without any doubt,
In velvet coats waited the Abbot about.

"How now, father Abbot, I hear it of thee,
Thou keepest a far better house than me;
And for thy housekeeping and high renown,
I fear thou work'st treason against my crown."

"My liege," quoth the Abbot, "I would it were known,
I never spend nothing but what is my own;
And I trust your grace will do me no deere [1]
For spending of my own true gotten geere."

[1] deere : *harm.*

"Yes, yes, father Abbot, thy fault it is high,
And now for the same thou needest must die;
For except thou canst answer me questions three,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.

"And first," quoth the King, "when I'm in this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liege men so noble of birth,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worth.

"Secondly, tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride the whole world about;
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me truly what I do think."

"O these are hard questions for my shallow wit,
Nor I cannot answer your Grace as yet;
But if you will give me but three weeks' space,
I'll do my endeavor to answer your Grace."

"Now three weeks' space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest time thou hast to live;
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to me."

Away rode the Abbot all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge and Oxenford;
But never a doctor there was so wise,
That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the Abbot of comfort so cold,
And he met his shepherd a-going to fold:
"How now, my lord Abbot, you are welcome home;
What news do you bring us from good King John?"

"Sad news, sad news, shepherd, I must give,
That I have but three days more to live;
For if I do not answer him questions three,
My head will be smitten from my bodie.

"The first is to tell him there in that stead,
With his crown of gold so fair on his head,
Among all his liege men so noble of birth,
To within one penny of what he is worth.

"The second, to tell him without any doubt,
How soon he may ride this whole world about;
And at the third question I must not shrink,
But tell him there truly what he does think."

"Now cheer up, sir Abbot, did you never hear yet
That a fool he may learn a wise man wit?
Lend me horse, and serving men, and your apparel,
And I'll ride to London to answer your quarrel.

"Nay, frown not, it hath been told unto me,
I am like your lordship as ever may be;
And if you will but lend me your gown
There is none shall know us in fair London town."

"Now horses and serving men thou shalt have,
With sumptuous array most gallant and brave,
With crosier, and miter, and rochet, and cope,
Fit to appear 'fore our father the Pope."

"Now welcome, sir Abbot," the King he did say,
"'Tis well thou'rt come back to keep thy day:
For and if[1] thou can'st answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy living both saved shall be.

"And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liege men so noble of birth,
Tell me to one penny what I am worth."

[1] and if: *unless.*

"For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
Among the false Jews, as I have been told:
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
For I think thou art one penny worser than he."

The King he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel,
"I did not think I had been worth so little!
Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride this whole world about."

"You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,
Until the next morning he riseth again;
And then your Grace need not make any doubt
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about."

The King he laugh'd, and swore by St. Jone,
"I did not think it could be done so soon.
Now from the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what do I think."

"Yea, that I shall do and make your Grace merry;
You think I'm the Abbot of Canterbury;
But I'm his poor shepherd, as plain you may see,
That am come to ask pardon for him and for me."

The King he laugh'd, and swore by the mass,
"I'll make thee lord Abbot this day in his place!"
"Nay, nay, my liege, be not in such speed
For alack, I can neither write nor read."

"Four nobles[1] a week, then, I will give thee,
For this merry jest thou hast shewn unto me;
And tell the old Abbot, when thou com'st home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King John."

OLD BALLAD.

[1] nobles: *old coins.*

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die,
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;

Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabers bare,
Flash'd as they turned in air
Sab'ring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd;
Plunged in the battery smoke
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the saber stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not —
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,

They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them —
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE TIGER

TIGER, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dares its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

WILLIAM BLAKE.

SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN

A good sword and a trusty hand!
A merry heart and true!
King James's men shall understand
What Cornish lads can do.

And have they fixed the where and when?
And shall Trelawney die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why!

Out spake their captain brave and bold,
A merry wight was he;
"If London Tower were Michael's hold,
We'll set Trelawney free!

"We'll cross the Tamar land to land,
The Severn is no stay,
With one and all and hand in hand,
And who shall bid us nay?

"And when we come to London Wall,
A pleasant sight to view;
Come forth, come forth, ye cowards all,
Here's men as good as you."

Trelawney, he's in keep and hold,
Trelawney, he may die;
But here's twenty thousand Cornish bold
Will know the reason why.

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER.

LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF

"OH, hush thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady both lovely and bright;
The woods and the glens, from the towers which we see,
They all are belonging, dear babie, to thee.

"Oh, fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.

"Oh, hush thee, my babie, the time will soon come,
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day!"

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE BONNIE BANKS O' FORDIE

THERE were three ladies lived in a bower,
Oh, how bonnie!
And they went out to pull a flower
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.

They had not pulled a flower but one,
When up started to them a banished man.

He's taken the first sister by her hand,
And he's turned her round and made her stand.

"Now will ye be a rank robber's wife,
Or will ye die by my wee penknife?"

"Oh, I'll not be a rank robber's wife,
I'll rather die by your wee penknife."

He's killed this maiden and laid her by,
For to bear the red rose company.

He's taken the second one by the hand,
And he's turned her round and made her stand.

"Now will ye be a rank robber's wife,
Or will ye die by my wee penknife?"

"Oh, I'll not be a rank robber's wife,
I'll rather die by your wee penknife."

He's killed this maiden and laid her by
For to bear the red rose company.

He's taken the youngest one by the hand,
And he's turned her round and made her stand

Says: "Will ye be a rank robber's wife,
Or will ye die by my wee penknife?"

"Oh, I'll not be a rank robber's wife,
Nor will I die by your wee penknife.

"For I have a brother in this wood,
And if you kill me, why he'll kill thee."

"What's your brother's name? Come tell to me."
"My brother's name is Babylon."

"O sister, sister, what have I done!
Oh, have I done this ill to thee!"

OLD BALLAD.

YOUNG WATERS

About Yule, when the wind blew cool,
And the round tables began,
Then there is come to our king's court
Many a well-favored man.

The queen looked over the castle wall,
Beheld both dale and down,
And there she saw Young Waters
Come riding to the town.

His footmen they did run before;
His horsemen rode behind;
His mantle of the burning gold
Did keep him from the wind.

Golden-shod was his horse before,
And silver-shod behind;
The horse Young Waters rode upon
Was fleeter than the wind.

Out then spake a wily lord,
Unto the queen said he,
"O tell me who's is the fairest face
That rides in the company?"

"I've seen lords and I've seen lairds,
And knights of high degree,
But a fairer face than Young Waters
My eyes did never see."

Out then spake the jealous king,
And an angry man was he;
"Oh, if he had been twice as fair,
You might have excepted me."

"You're neither lord nor laird," she says,
"But the king that wears the crown;
There is not a knight in fair Scotland
But to thee must bow down."

For all that she could do or say,
Appeased he would not be.
But for the words which she had said,
Young Waters he must die.

They have taken Young Waters,
And put fetters to his feet;
They have taken Young Waters,
And thrown him in dungeon deep.

"Oft have I ridden thro' Sterling Town
In the wind and in the wet;
But I never rode thro' Sterling Town
With fetters at my feet.

"Oft I have ridden thro' Sterling Town
In the wind and in the rain;
But I never rode thro' Sterling Town
Ne'er to return again."

They have taken to the gallows-hill
His young son in his cradle;
They've taken to the gallows-hill
His horse and then his saddle.

They have taken to the gallows-hill
His lady fair to see,
And for the words the queen had spoke
Young Waters he did die.

OLD BALLAD.

JOHN GILPIN

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London Town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linen draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend, the Calender,
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mistress Gilpin, "That's well said,
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife;
O'erjoy'd was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allow'd
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stay'd,
Where they did all get in,
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels;
Were never folks so glad:
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin, at his horse's side,
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddle tree scarce reach'd had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty, screaming, came downstairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he, "yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipp'd from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which gall'd him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly!" John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out — "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin — who but he?
His fame soon spread around,
"He carries weight: he rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seem'd to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the Wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin! — Here's the house" —
They all at once did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired";
Said Gilpin, "So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why? his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly — which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the Calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The Calender, amazed to see
His neighbor in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him.

"What news? what news? your tidings tell!
Tell me you must and shall —
Say, why bare-headed you are come,
Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the Calender
In merry guise he spoke:

"I came, because your horse would come;
And, if I well forbode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,
They are upon the road."

The Calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Return'd him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came, with hat and wig,
A wig that flow'd behind;
A hat not much the worse for wear;
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus show'd his ready wit:
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away,
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware!"

So, turning to his horse, he said,
"I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine."

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And gallop'd off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig;
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why? — they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pull'd out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frighten'd steed he frighten'd more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels,
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear
They raised the hue and cry: —

"Stop thief! — stop thief! — a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that pass'd that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space:
The tollmen thinking as before
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too!
For he got first to town;
Nor stopp'd, till where he had got up
He did again get down.

— Now let us sing, Long live the King,
And Gilpin, long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad
May I be there to see!

WILLIAM COWPER.

THE HAG

The Hag is astride,
This night for a ride,
Her wild steed and she together;
Through thick and through thin,
Now out, and then in,
Though ne'er so foul be the weather.

A thorn or a burr
She takes for a spur;
With a last of a bramble she rides now,
Through brakes and through briars,
O'er ditches and mires,
She follows the spirit that guides now.

No beast for his food
Dares now range the wood,
But hushed in his lair he lies lurking;
While mischief by these,
On land and on seas,
At noon or night are found working.

The storm will arise
And trouble the skies,
This night; and, more for the wonder,
The ghost from the tomb
Affrighted shall come,
Called out by the clap of the thunder.

ROBERT HERRICK.

WINTER SONG

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-who;
Tu-whit, Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all around the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the mow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,

When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-who;
Tu-whit, Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE CAVALIER'S ESCAPE

TRAMPLE! trample! went the roan,
Trap! trap! went the gray;
But pad! pad! pad! like a thing that was mad,
My chestnut broke away.
It was just five miles from Salisbury town,
And but one hour to day.

Thud! thud! came on the heavy roan,
Rap! rap! the mettled gray;
But my chestnut mare was of blood so rare,
That she showed them all the way.
Spur on! spur on! I doffed my hat,
And wished them all good day.

They splashed through miry rut and pool, —
Splintered through fence and rail;

But chestnut Kate switched over the gate, —
I saw them droop and tail.
To Salisbury town — but a mile of down;
Once over this brook and rail.

Trap! trap! I heard their echoing hoofs
Past the walls of mossy stone;
The roan flew on at a staggering pace,
But blood is better than bone.
I patted old Kate, and gave her the spur,
For I knew it was all my own.

But trample! trample! came their steeds,
And I saw their wolves' eyes burn;
I felt like a royal hart at bay,
And made me ready to turn.
I looked where highest grew the may,
And deepest arched the fern.

I flew at the first knave's sallow throat;
One blow and he was down.
The second rogue fired twice, and missed;
I sliced the villain's crown.
Clove through the rest, and flogged brave Kate,
Fast, fast to Salisbury town!

Pad! pad! they came on the level sward,
Thud! thud! upon the sand;
With a gleam of swords, and a burning match,
And a shaking of flag and hand;
But one long bound, and I passed the gate,
Safe from the canting band.

WALTER THORNBURY.

HOME

OH, Falmouth is a fine town with ships in the bay,
And I wish from my heart it's there I was to-day;
I wish from my heart I was far away from here,
Sitting in my parlor and talking to my dear.

For it's home, dearie, home — it's home I want to be.
Our topsails are hoisted, and we'll away to sea,
Oh, the oak and the ash and the bonnie birken tree,
They're all growing in the green old countrie.

In Baltimore a-walking, a lady I did meet,
With her babe on her arm as she came down the street;
And I thought how I sailed, and the cradle standing ready
For the pretty little babe that has never seen its daddie.

Oh, if it be a lass, she shall wear a golden ring;
And if it be a lad, he shall fight for his king;
With his dirk and his hat and his little jacket blue,
He shall walk the quarter-deck as his daddie used to do.

Oh, there's a wind a-blowing, a-blowing from the west,
And that of all the winds is the one I like the best,
For it blows at our backs, and it shakes our pennon free,
And it soon will blow us home to the old countrie.

For it's home, dearie, home, — it's home I want to be,
Our topsails are hoisted, and we'll away to sea.
Oh, the oak and the ash and the bonnie birken tree,
They're all growing green in the old countrie.

W. E. Henley.

BEHOLD, THE LORD GOD WILL COME

Behold, the Lord God will come with a strong hand,
And his arm shall rule for him.
He shall feed his flock like a shepherd.
He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom,
And shall gently lead those that are with young.
Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand,
And meted out heaven with the span,
And comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure,
And weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance?
Have ye not known, have ye not heard, hath it not been told you from the beginning?
Have ye not understood from the foundations of the earth?
It is He that sitteth upon the circle of the earth,
And the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers;
That stretched out the heavens as a curtain,
And spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in.
Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard

That the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth,
Fainteth not, neither is weary?
There is no searching of his understanding.
He giveth power to the faint;
And to them that have no might he increaseth strength.
Even the youths shall faint and be weary,
And the young men shall utterly fall:
But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength;
They shall mount up with wings as eagles;
They shall run, and not be weary;
And they shall walk, and not faint.

ISAIAH, Ch. XL.

PART THREE

Jog on, jog on the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a;
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

Shakespeare.

THE SEA

The sea, the sea, the open sea,
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go:
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh, how I love, to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'west blasts do blow!

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,

And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was and is to me;
For I was born on the open sea.

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean child!

I've lived since then, in calm and strife
Full fifty summers a sailor's life;
With wealth to spend and a power to range,
And never have sought, nor sighed for change;
And death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wide, unbounded sea!

BARRY CORNWALL.

"So the foemen have fired the gate, men of mine;
And the water is spent and gone?
Then bring me a cup of the red Ahr wine:
I never shall drink but this one.

"And reach me my harness, and saddle my horse,
And lead me him round to the door:
He must take such a leap to-night perforce,
As horse never took before.

"I have fought my fight, I have lived my life,
I have drunk my share of wine;
From Trier to Coln there was never a knight
Led a merrier life than mine.

"I have lived by the saddle for years two score;
And if I must die on tree,
Then the old saddle tree, which has borne me of yore,
Is the properest timber for me.

"So now to show bishop, and burgher, and priest,
How the Altenahr hawk can die:
If they smoke the old falcon out of his nest,
He must take to his wings and fly."

He harnessed himself by the clear moonshine,
  And he mounted his horse at the door;
And he drained such a cup of the red Ahr wine,
  As man never drained before.

He spurred the old horse, and he held him tight,
  And he leapt him out over the wall;
Out over the cliff, out into the night,
  Three hundred feet of fall.

They found him next morning below in the glen,
  With never a bone in him whole —
A mass or a prayer, now, good gentlemen,
  For such a bold rider's soul.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN

COME, dear children, let us away;
Down and away below!
Now my brothers call from the bay,
Now the great winds shoreward blow,
Now the salt tides seaward flow;
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.

Children dear, let us away!
This way, this way!

Call her once before you go —
Call once yet!
In a voice that she will know:
"Margaret! Margaret!"

Children's voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother's ear;
Children's voices, wild with pain —
Surely she will come again!
Call her once and come away;
This way, this way!
"Mother dear, we cannot stay!
The wild white horses foam and fret."
Margaret! Margaret!

Come, dear children, come away down;
Call no more!
One last look at the white-wall'd town,
And the little gray church on the windy shore;
Then come down!
She will not come though you call all day;
Come away, come away!

Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay?
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell?
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep.
Where the winds are all asleep;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,
Where the salt weed sways in the stream,
Where the sea beasts, ranged all round,
Feed in the ooze of their pasture ground;
Where the sea snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail and bask in the brine;
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world forever and aye?
When did music come this way?
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away?
Once she sate with you and me,
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
And the youngest sate on her knee.

She comb'd its bright hair, and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of a far-off bell.
She sigh'd, she look'd up through the clear green sea;
She said: "I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little gray church on the shore to-day.
'Twill be Eastertime in the world — ah me!
And I lose my poor soul, Merman! here with thee."
I said: "Go up, dear heart, through the waves;
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea caves!"
She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay.

Children dear, was it yesterday?
Children dear, were we long alone?
"The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan;
Long prayers," I said, "in the world they say;
Come!" I said; and we rose through the surf in the bay,
We went up the beach, by the sandy down
Where the sea stocks bloom, to the white-wall'd town;
Through the narrow pav'd streets, where all was still,
To the little gray church on the windy hill.
From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,
But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.

We climb'd on the graves, on the stones worn with rains,
And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded panes.

She sate by the pillar; we saw her clear:
"Margaret, hist! come quick, we are here!
Dear heart," I said, "we are long alone;
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan."
But, ah, she gave me never a look,
For her eyes were seal'd to the holy book!
Loud prays the priest: shut stands the door.
Come away, children, call no more!
Come away, come down, call no more!

Down, down, down!
Down to the depths of the sea!
She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
Singing most joyfully.
Hark what she sings: "O joy, O joy,
For the humming street, and the child with its toy!
For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well;
For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessèd light of the sun!"
And so she sings her fill.
Singing most joyfully,
Till the spindle drops from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still.
She steals to the window, and looks at the sand,

And over the sand at the sea;
And her eyes are set in a stare;
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow laden,
A long, long sigh;
For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaiden
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away, children;
Come, children, come down!
The hoarse wind blows colder;
Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar.
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.
Singing: "Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she!

And alone dwell forever
The kings of the sea."
But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow,
When clear falls the moonlight,
When springtides are low;
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starr'd with broom,
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanch'd sands a gloom;
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie,
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb tide leaves dry.
We will gaze, from the sand hills,
At the white, sleeping town;
At the church on the hillside —
And then come back down.
Singing: "There dwells a lov'd one,
But cruel is she!
She left lonely forever
The kings of the sea."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him, —
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone —
But we left him alone in his glory!

CHARLES WOLFE.

HUNTING SONG

THE hunt is up, the hunt is up,
And it is well-nigh day;
And Harry our king is gone hunting
To bring his deer to bay.

The east is bright with morning light,
And darkness it is fled;
And the merry horn wakes up the morn
To leave his idle bed.

Behold the skies with golden dyes
  Are glowing all around;
The grass is green, and so are the trees
  All laughing at the sound.

The horses snort to be at sport,
  The dogs are running free,
The woods rejoice at the merry noise
  Of Hey, tan tarra tee ree!

The sun is glad to see us clad
  All in our lusty green,
And smiles in the sky as he riseth high
  To see and to be seen.

Awake all men, I say again,
  Be merry as you may;
For Harry our king is gone hunting,
  To bring his deer to bay.

OLD SONG.

HELEN OF KIRKCONNELL

I wish I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
Oh, that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirkconnell lea!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd[1] Helen dropt,
And died to succor me!

Oh, think na ye my heart was sair
When my love dropt down, and spak' nae mair?
There did she swoon wi' meikle care,
On fair Kirkconnell lea.

As I went down the water side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide
On fair Kirkconnell lea;

I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hackèd him in pieces sma',
I hackèd him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me.

[1] burd: *bride.*

O Helen fair beyond compare!
I'll mak' a garland o' thy hair,
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
  Until the day I dee!

Oh, that I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
  Says, "Haste, and come to me!"

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
If I were with thee, I were blest,
Where thou lies low and takes thy rest,
  On fair Kirkconnell lea.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn ower my e'en,
And I in Helen's arms lying
  On fair Kirkconnell lea.

I wish I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries,
And I am weary of the skies
  For her sake that died for me.

OLD BALLAD.

BONNIE DUNDEE

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claverhouse who spoke:
Ere the king's crown shall fall, there are crowns to be broke;
So let each cavalier who loves honor and me,
Come follow the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee!

Dundee, he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat,
But the provost, douce man, said, "Just e'en let him be,
The guid town is weel quit of that de'il o' Dundee!"

He spurred to the foot of the proud castle rock,
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke:
"Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words or three
For the love of the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.

"There are hills beyond Pentland and lands beyond
Forth,
If there's lords in the lowlands, there's chiefs in the
North,
There are wild Duniewassals, three thousand times
three,
Will cry 'Hey for the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.'

"Then awa' to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks,
Ere I own a usurper I'll couch with the fox;
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,
Ye hae no seen the last o' my bonnet and me!"

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were blown,
The kettledrums clashed and the horseman rode on,
Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lea
Died away the wild war notes of Bonnie Dundee.

Chorus

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;
Come saddle your horses and call up your men;
Come open the West Port and let us gang free,
For it's up wi' the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE GLOVE

King Francis was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
And one day as his lions fought, sat looking on the court:
The nobles filled the benches round, the ladies by their side,
And 'mong them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom he sighed:
And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show,
Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws:
With wallowing might and stifled roar, they rolled on one another;
Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thunderous smother;
The bloody foam above the bars came whizzing through the air:
Said Francis, then, "Faith, gentlemen, we're better here than there."

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a beauteous, lively dame,
With smiling lips, and sharp, bright eyes, which always seemed the same;
She thought, "The Count, my lover, is brave as brave can be,
He surely would do wondrous things to show his love for me;
King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine;
I'll drop my glove, to prove his love; great glory will be mine."

She dropped her glove, to prove his love, then looked at him and smiled,
He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild;
The leap was quick, return was quick, he soon regained the place,
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face.
"In faith," cried Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from where he sat;
"Not love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that."

LEIGH HUNT.

SIR PATRICK SPENS

THE king sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine:
"Oh, whaur will I get a skeely skipper
To sail this new ship o' mine?"

Oh, up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's right knee:
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sailed the sea."

Our King has written a braid letter
And sealed it wi' his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

"To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem;
The king's daughter to Noroway,
'Tis thou maun bring her hame."

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Sae loud, loud laughèd he;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his ee.

"Oh, wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the king of me,
To send us out at this time o' year
To sail upon the sea?

"Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet
Our ship must sail the faem;
The king's daughter to Noroway,
'Tis we must bring her hame."

They hoysed their sails on Monday morn
Wi' a' the speed they may;
They hae landed in Noroway
Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week,
In Noroway but twae,
When that the lords o' Noroway
Began aloud to say:

"Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's goud
And a' our queenis fee."
"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud,
Fu' loud I hear ye lie!

"For I brought as mickle white monie
  As will gain my men and me,
And I brought a half-fou o' gude red goud
  Out o'er the sea wi' me.

"Mak' ready, mak' ready, my merry men a'!
  Our gude ship sails the morn."
"Now, ever alake, my master dear,
  I fear a deadly storm.

"I saw the new moon late yestreen
  Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And, if we gang to sea, master,
  I fear we'll come to harm."

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
  A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
  And gurly grew the sea.

"Oh, where will I get a gude sailor
  To tak' my helm in hand,
Till I gae up to the tall topmast
  To see if I can spy land?"

"Oh, here am I, a sailor gude,
To tak' the helm in hand,
Till you gae up to the tall topmast;
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land."

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step but barely ane,
When a bolt flew out o' our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it came in.

"Gae fetch a web o' the silken claith,
Anither o' the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side,
And letna the sea come in."

They fetched a web o' the silken claith,
Anither o' the twine,
And they wapped them round that gude ship's side,
But still the sea cam' in.

Oh, laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To weet their milk-white hands;
But lang ere a' the play was ower
They wat their gowden bands.

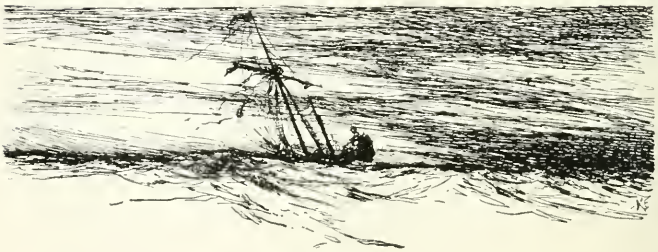
Oh, laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To weet their cork-heeled shoon;
But lang ere a' the play was played
They wat their hats aboon.

Oh, lang, lang may the ladies sit
Wi' their fans intill their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang may the maidens sit
Wi' their goud kaims in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves!
For them they'll see nae mair.

Half ower, half ower to Aberdour,
It's fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

OLD BALLAD.



THE FOUNTAIN

Into the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night;

Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flowerlike
When the winds blow;

Into the starlight,
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day;

Ever in motion
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
Never aweary;

Glad of all weathers
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward
Motion thy rest;

Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
Ever the same;

Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element;

Glorious fountain,
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward, like thee!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

ARETHUSA

ARETHUSA arose
From her couch of snows
In the Acroceraunian mountains, —
From cloud and from crag
With many a jag,
Shepherding her bright fountains.

She leapt down the rocks
With her rainbow locks
Streaming among the streams;—
Her steps paved with green
The downward ravine
Which slopes to the western gleams:
And gliding and springing,
She went, ever singing,
In murmurs as soft as sleep;
The Earth seem'd to love her,
And Heaven smiled above her,
As she linger'd towards the deep.
Then Alpheus bold,
On his glacier cold,
With his trident the mountain strook;
And open'd a chasm
In the rocks; with the spasm
All Erymanthus shook.
And the black south wind
It conceal'd behind
The urns of the silent snow,
And earthquake and thunder
Did rend in sunder
The bars of the springs below:

The beard and the hair
Of the river-god were
Seen through the torrent's sweep,
As he follow'd the light
Of the fleet nymph's flight
To the brink of the Dorian deep.
"Oh, save me! Oh, guide me!
And bid the deep hide me,
For he grasps me now by the hair!"
The loud Ocean heard,
To its blue depth stirr'd,
And divided at her prayer;
And under the water
The Earth's white daughter
Fled like a sunny beam;
Behind her descended
Her billows, unblended
With the brackish Dorian stream:
Like a gloomy stain
On the emerald main
Alpheus rush'd behind, —
As an eagle pursuing
A dove to its ruin
Down the streams of the cloudy wind.

Under the bowers
Where the Ocean Powers
Sit on their pearlèd thrones:
Through the coral woods
Of the weltering floods,
Over heaps of unvalued stones;
Through the dim beams
Which amid the streams
Weave a net-work of color'd light;
And under the caves,
Where the shadowy waves
Are as green as the forest's night:—
Outspeeding the shark
And the swordfish dark,
Under the ocean foam,
And up through the rifts
Of the mountain clifts;
They pass'd to their Dorian home.
And now from their fountains
In Enna's mountains,
Down one vale where the morning basks,
Like friends once parted
Grown single hearted,
They ply their watery tasks.

At sunrise they leap
From their cradles steep
In the cave of the shelving hill;
At noontide they flow
Through the woods below
And the meadows of Asphodel;
And at night they sleep
In the rocking deep
Beneath the Ortygian shore;—
Like spirits that lie
In the azure sky
When they love but live no more.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL

THERE lived a wife at Usher's Well,
And a wealthy wife was she:
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them o'er the sea.

They had not been a week from her,
A week but barely ane,
When word came to the carline wife
That her three sons were gane.

They had not been a week from her,
A week but barely three,
When word came to the carline wife
That her sons she'd never see.

"I wish the wind may never cease,
Nor fishes in the flood,
Till my three sons come hame to me,
In earthly flesh and blood!"

It fell about the Martinmas,
When nights are lang and mirk,
The carline wife's three sons came home,
And their hats were of the birk.

It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
Nor yet in ony sheugh;
But at the gates of Paradise
That birk grew fair eneugh.

"Blow up the fire, my maidens!
Bring water from the well!
For all my house shall feast this night,
Since my three sons are well!"

And she has made to them a bed,
She's made it large and wide;
And she's ta'en her mantle her about;
Sat down at the bedside.

Up then crew the red, red cock,
And up and crew the gray;
The eldest to the youngest said,
"'Tis time we were away!

"The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
The channering worm doth chide:
If we be miss'd out of our place,
A sore pain we must bide.

"Fare ye well, my mother dear!
Farewell to barn and byre!
And fare ye well, the bonny lass,
That kindles my mother's fire!"

OLD BALLAD.

SONG OF MARION'S MEN

Our band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress tree;
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea.
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery
That little dread us near.
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear:
When waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again;

And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil:
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads —
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
Across the moonlight plain;

'Tis life to feel the night wind
That lifts his tossing mane.
A moment in the British camp —
A moment — and away
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs,
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band
With kindliest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more,
Till we have driven the Briton
Forever from our shore.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE BEGGAR MAID

Her arms across her breast she laid;
  She was more fair than words can say:
Barefooted came the beggar maid
  Before the king Cophetua.
In robe and crown the king stept down,
  To meet and greet her on her way;
"It is no wonder," said the lords,
  "She is more beautiful than day."

As shines the moon in clouded skies,
  She in her poor attire was seen:
One praised her ankles, one her eyes,
  One her dark hair and lovesome mien.
So sweet a face, such angel grace,
  In all that land had never been:
Cophetua sware a royal oath:
  "This beggar maid shall be my queen!"

Alfred Tennyson.

HOW'S MY BOY?

"Ho, sailor of the sea!
How's my boy — my boy?"
"What's your boy's name, good wife,
And in what good ship sail'd he?"

"My boy John —
He that went to sea —
What care I for the ship, sailor?
My boy's my boy to me.

"You come back from sea
And not know my John?
I might as well have asked some landsman
Yonder down in town.
There's not an ass in all the parish
But he knows my John.

"How's my boy — my boy?
And unless you let me know,
I'll swear you are no sailor,
Blue jacket or no,
Brass button or no, sailor,
Anchor and crown or no!
Sure his ship was the *Jolly Briton*."
"Speak low, woman, speak low!"

"And why should I speak low, sailor,
About my own boy John?
If I was loud as I am proud
I'd sing him o'er the town!

Why should I speak low, sailor?"
"That good ship went down."

"How's my boy — my boy?
What care I for the ship, sailor,
I never was aboard her.
Be she afloat, or be she aground,
Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound,
Her owners can afford her!
I say, how's my John?"

"Every man on board went down,
Every man aboard her."

"How's my boy — my boy?
What care I for the men, sailor?
I'm not their mother —
How's my boy — my boy?
Tell me of him and no other!
How's my boy — my boy?"

SYDNEY DOBELL.

THE BALLAD OF THE OYSTERMAN

It was a tall young oysterman lived by the riverside,
His shop was just upon the bank, his boat was on the tide;
The daughter of a fisherman, that was so straight and slim,
Lived over on the other bank, right opposite to him.
It was the pensive oysterman that saw a lovely maid,
Upon the moonlight evening, asitting in the shade;
He saw her wave her handkerchief, as much as if to say,
"I'm wide awake, young oysterman, and all the folks away."

Then up arose the oysterman, and to himself said he,
"I guess I'll leave the skiff at home, for fear that folks should see;
I read it in the storybook, that, for to kiss his dear,
Leander swam the Hellespont,—and I will swim this here."
And he has leaped into the waves, and crossed the shining stream,
And he has clambered up the bank, all in the moonlight gleam;
Oh, there were kisses sweet as dew, and words as soft as rain,—
But they have heard her father's step, and in he leaps again!

Out spoke the ancient fisherman, — "Oh, what was that, my daughter?"

"'Twas nothing but a pebble, sir, I threw into the water."

"And what is that, pray tell me, love, that paddles off so fast?"

"It's nothing but a porpoise, sir, that's been a swimming past."

Out spoke the ancient fisherman, — "Now bring me my harpoon!

I'll get into my fishing-boat, and fix the fellow soon."

Down fell that pretty innocent, as falls a snow-white lamb,

Her hair drooped round her pallid cheeks, like seaweed on a clam.

Alas for those two loving ones! she waked not from her swound,

And he was taken with the cramp, and in the waves was drowned;

But Fate has metamorphosed them, in pity of their woe,

And now they keep an oyster shop for mermaids down below.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING

'Twas on a Monday morning
Richt early in the year,
That Charlie cam' to our toun,
The young chevalier.
And Charlie he's my darling,
My darling, my darling;
Charlie he's my darling,
The young chevalier!

As he was walking up the street,
The city for to view,
Oh, there he spied a bonnie lass
The window looking through.

Say licht's he jumped up the stair,
And tirled at the pin;
And wha sae ready as hersel'
To let the laddie in?

He set his Jenny on his knee,
All in his Highland dress;
For brawly weel he kenned the way
To please a bonnie lass.

It's up yon heathery mountain,
And down yon scroggy glen,
We daurna gang a-milking,
For Charlie and his men.
And Charlie he's my darling,
My darling, my darling;
Charlie he's my darling,
The young chevalier!

JAMES HOGG.

THE GREEN GNOME

RING, sing! ring, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!
Chime, rime! chime, rime! through dales and dells!
Rime, ring! chime, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!
Chime, sing! rime, ring! over fields and fells!
And I galloped and I galloped on my palfrey white as milk,
My robe was of the sea-green woof, my serk was of silk;
My hair was golden yellow, and it floated to my shoe,
My eyes were like two harebells bathed in little drops of dew;
My palfrey, never stopping, made a music sweetly blent
With the leaves of autumn dropping all around me as I went;

And I heard the bells, grown fainter, far behind me peal and play,
Fainter, fainter, fainter, till they seemed to die away.
And beside a silver runnel, on a little heap of sand,
I saw the green gnome sitting, with his cheek upon his hand.

Then he started up to see me, and he ran with cry and bound,
And drew me from my palfrey white and set me on the ground.
Oh crimson, crimson were his locks, his face was green to see,
But he cried, "O light-haired lassie, you are bound to marry me!"

He clasped me round the middle small, he kissed me on the cheek,
He kissed me once, he kissed me twice — I could not stir or speak
He kissed me twice, he kissed me thrice — but when he kissed again,
I called aloud upon the name of Him who died for men.

Sing, sing! ring, ring! pleasant Sabbath bells!
Chime, rime! chime, rime! through dales and dells!
Rime, ring! chime, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!
Chime, sing! rime, ring! over fields and fells!

Oh faintly, faintly, faintly, calling men and maids to pray,
So faintly, faintly, faintly rang the bells far away;
And as I named the Blessed Name, as in our need we can,
The ugly green green gnome became a tall and comely man;
His hands were white, his beard was gold, his eyes were black as sloes,
His tunic was of scarlet woof, and silken were his hose;
A pensive light from Faëryland still lingered on his cheek,
His voice was like the running brook, when he began to speak:
"Oh you have cast away the charm my stepdame put on me,
Seven years I dwelt in Faëryland, and you have set me free.

Oh, I will mount thy palfrey white, and ride to kirk with thee,
And, by those little dewy eyes, we twain will wedded be!"

Back we galloped, never stopping, he before and I behind,
And the autumn leaves were dropping, red and yellow, in the wind;
And the sun was shining clearer, and my heart was high and proud,
As nearer, nearer, nearer, rang the kirk bells sweet and loud,
And we saw the kirk before us, as we trotted down the fells,
And nearer, clearer, o'er us, rang the welcome of the bells.

Ring, sing! ring, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!
Chime, rime! chime, rime! through dales and dells!
Rime, ring! chime, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!
Chime, sing! rime, ring! over fields and fells!

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

SWEET WILLIAM'S GHOST

THERE came a ghost to Margaret's door,
With many a grievous groan,
And aye he tirled at the pin,
But answer made she none.

"Is that my father Philip,
Or is't my brother John?
Or is't my true love Willy,
From Scotland new come home?"

"'Tis not thy father Philip,
Nor yet thy brother John;
But 'tis thy true love Willy,
From Scotland new come home.

O sweet Margaret, O dear Margaret,
I pray thee speak to me:
Give me my faith and troth, Margaret,
As I gave it to thee."

"Thy faith and troth thou'lt never get,
Nor yet wilt thou me win,
Till that thou come within my bower
And kiss my cheek and chin."

"If I should come within thy bower,
I am no earthly man:
And should I kiss thy rosy lips
Thy days would not be lang.

O sweet Margaret, O dear Margaret,
I pray thee speak to me:
Give me my faith and troth, Margaret,
As I gave it to thee."

"Thy faith and troth thou'lt never get,
Nor yet wilt thou me win,
Till you take me to yon kirkyard,
And wed me with a ring."

"My bones are buried in yon kirkyard
Afar beyond the sea,
And it is but my spirit, Margaret,
That's now speaking to thee."

She stretched out her lily-white hand,
And for to do her best:
"Have there your faith and troth, Willy,
God send your soul good rest."

Now she has kilted her robes of green
A piece below her knee;
And all the live-long winter night
The dead corpse followed she.

"Is there any room at your head, Willy,
Or any room at your feet?
Or any room at your side, Willy,
Wherein that I may creep?"

"There's no room at my head, Margaret,
There's no room at my feet;
There's no room at my side, Margaret,
My coffin's made so meet."

Then up and crew the red cock,
And up then crew the gray;
"'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear Margaret,
That you were going away."

OLD BALLAD.

THE BOLD PEDDLER AND ROBIN HOOD

THERE chanced to be a peddler bold,
A peddler bold he chanced to be;
He rolled his pack all on his back,
And he came tripping o'er the lea.

By chance he met two troublesome blades,
Two troublesome blades they chanced to be;
The one of them was bold Robin Hood,
And the other was Little John so free.

"O peddler, peddler, what's in thy pack?
Come speedily and tell to me."
"I've several suits of gay green silks,
And silken bowstrings two or three."

"If you have several suits of gay green silk,
And silken bowstrings two or three,
Then it's by my body," cries Little John,
"One half your pack shall belong to me."

"Oh no, oh no," says the peddler bold,
"Oh no, oh no, that can never be;
For there's never a man from fair Nottingham
Can take one half my pack from me."

Then the peddler he pulled off his pack,
And put it a little below his knee,
Saying, "If you do move me one perch from this,
My pack and all shall go with thee."

Then Little John he drew his sword,
The peddler by his pack did stand;
They fought until they both did sweat,
Till he cried, "Pray, peddler, hold your hand!"

Then Robin Hood he was standing by,
And he did laugh most heartily;
Saying, "I could find a man of smaller size
Could thrash the peddler and also thee."

"Go you try, master," says Little John,
"Go you try, master, most speedily,
Or by my body," says Little John,
"I am sure this night you will not know me."

Then Robin Hood he drew his sword,
And the peddler by his pack did stand;
They fought till the blood in streams did flow,
Till he cried, "Pray, peddler, hold your hand."

"Peddler, peddler, what is thy name?
Come speedily and tell to me."
"My name! my name I ne'er will tell,
Till both your names you have told to me."

"The one of us is bold Robin Hood,
And the other is Little John so free."
"Now," says the peddler, "it's to my good will
Whether my name I choose to tell thee.

"I am Gamble Gold of the gay green woods,
And traveled far beyond the sea;
You are my mother's own sister's son;
What nearer cousins then can we be?"

They sheathed their swords with friendly words,
So merrily did they agree;
They went to a tavern, and there they dined,
And bottles cracked most merrily.

OLD BALLAD.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was as still as she could be,
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock
The waves flow'd over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The good old Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surges' swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous Rock,
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea birds scream'd as they wheel'd round,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walk'd his deck,
And he fix'd his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the priest of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sank the bell, with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away,
He scour'd the seas for many a day;
And now grown rich with plunder'd store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They cannot see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore;
Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound, the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock:
Cried they, "It is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
He curst himself in his despair;
The waves rush in on every side,
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,
A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell,
The fiends below were ringing his knell.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

FERN SONG

DANCE to the beat of the rain, little Fern,
And spread out your palms again,
  And say, "Tho' the sun
  Hath my vesture spun,
He hath labored, alas, in vain,
  But for the shade
  That the Cloud hath made,
And the gift of the Dew and the Rain."
  Then laugh and upturn
  All your fronds, little Fern,
And rejoice in the beat of the rain.

JOHN B. TABB.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

Part I

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

"The Bridegroom's doors are open'd wide,
And I am next of kin:
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his glittering eye —
The Wedding Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding Guest sat on a stone:
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

"The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

"The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he,
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

"Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon" —
The Wedding Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall:
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

"And now the Storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'er-taking wings,
And chased us south along.

"With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

"And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

"And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken —
The ice was all between.

"The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

"At length did cross an Albatross,
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

"It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew: —
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

"And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

"In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moonshine."

"God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends that plague thee thus! —
Why look'st thou so?" "With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross."

"And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averr'd I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow!
'Ah wretch!' said they, 'the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!'

"Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious Sun uprist:
Then all averr'd, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
''Twas right,' said they, 'such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.'

"The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

"Down dropped the breeze, the sails dropped down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea.

"Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

"Water, water everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

"About, about, in reel and rout,
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

"And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, nor more than if
We had been choked with soot.

"Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

"There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

"At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

"A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged, and tacked, and veered.

"See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

"The western wave was all a-flame,
The day was well-nigh done!

Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad, bright sun:
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the sun.

"And straight the sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

"Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the sun,
Like restless gossameres?

"Are those her ribs through which the sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that Woman's mate?

"The naked hull alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
'The game is done! I've won, I've won!'
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

"The sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper o'er the sea,
Off shot the specter bark.

"The stars were dim and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white,
From the sails the dew did drip —
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The hornèd moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

"Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan),
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

"The souls did from their bodies fly, —
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!"

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

"I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown."—
"Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!
This body dropt not down.

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

"The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on: and so did I.

"I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

"I looked to heaven, and tried to pray
But or ever a prayer had gushed,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

"I closed my lids and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

"The moving moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside.

"Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

"Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,

They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

"O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware:
Sure my kind Saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

"The selfsame moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

Part V

"Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

"And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

"The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke, it rained.

"The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

"The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the moon
The dead men gave a groan.

"They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

"The helmsman steered, the ship moved on,
Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,

Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools —
We were a ghastly crew."

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"
"Be calm, thou Wedding Guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corpses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest.

"Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the skylark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

"And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

"It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook

In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

"Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe;
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

"Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too:
Sweetly, and sweetly blew the breeze —
On me alone it blew.

"Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

* * * * *

"Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns:
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

"I pass, like night, from land to land:
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

"What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding guests are there:
But in the garden bower the bride
And the bridesmaids singing are:
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

"O Wedding Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemèd there to be.

"Oh, sweeter than the marriage feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!

"To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

"Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding Guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat —
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets —
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

William Shakespeare.

THE GLORY OF GOD

THE heavens declare the glory of God;
And the firmament showeth his handiwork,
Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night showeth knowledge.
There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard.
Their line is gone out through all the earth
And their words to the end of the earth.

* * * * *

Whither shall I go from Thy spirit,
Or whither shall I flee from Thy presence?
If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there;
If I make my bed in hell, behold, Thou art there;
If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;
Even there shall Thy hand lead me,
And Thy right hand shall hold me.

PSALMS.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

PAGE

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase) 23
About Yule, when the wind blew cool, ... 121
A chieftain to the Highlands bound 64
Adieu, adieu! my native shore 89
A good sword and a trusty hand! 117
Allen-a-Dale has no fagot for burning, ... 70
An ancient story I'll tell you anon 107
Announced by all the trumpets of the sky, ... 104
Arethusa arose 172
Ay, tear her tattered ensign down 54
A wet sheet and a flowing sea, ... 93
Behold, the Lord God will come with a strong hand, ... 143
Between the dark and the daylight 48
"Bunches of grapes," says Timothy, ... 16
By the flow of the inland river, ... 87
Come, dear children, let us away; 150
Dainty little maiden, whither would you wander? 94
Dance to the beat of the rain, little Fern, ... 201
Gin a body meet a body, ... 67
"Give me of your bark, O Birch Tree! 73
Half a league, half a league, ... 113

PAGE

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick 31
Her arms across her breast she laid; 182
Here hath been dawning 102
"Ho, sailor of the sea! 182
I chatter, chatter, as I flow 15
Into the sunshine, ... 171
I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he; 90
It is an ancient Mariner 202
I wander'd lonely as a cloud 20
It was a tall young oysterman lived by the riverside, ... 185
It was Earl Haldan's daughter 46
It was the time when lilies blow 97
I wish I were where Helen lies! 160
Jog on, jog on the footpath way, ... 146
John Gilpin was a citizen 124
King Canute was weary-hearted 58
King Francis was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport, . . 164
Listen, my children, and you shall hear 81
Lord Lovel was standing at his stable door 51
Maxwelton braes are bonnie 68
My country, 'tis of thee 19
My heart's in the highlands, my heart is not here 53
No stir in the air, no stir in the sea, ... 198
Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note, ... 157
Oh, Falmouth is a fine town with ships in the bay, ... 141

PAGE
"Oh, hush thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight, ... 118
Oh! 'tis weary enough abroad to bide, ... 101
Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west 62
Our band is few, but true and tried, ... 179
Proud Maisie is in the wood 22
Ring, sing! ring, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells! 188
Robins in the tree-top 17
So nigh is grandeur to our dust 80
"So the foemen have fired the gate, men of mine; 149
Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king 55
The air for the wing of the sparrow 14
The Hag is astride, ... 137
The heavens declare the glory of God; 220
The hunt is up, the hunt is up, ... 158
The king sits in Dunfermline town, ... 166
The mountain and the squirrel 50
There came a ghost to Margaret's door 192
There came a youth upon the earth 95
There chanced to be a peddler bold, ... 195
There lived a wife at Usher's Well, ... 176
There's something in the air 56
There were three ladies lived in a bower, ... 119
The sea, the sea, the open sea, ... 147
The splendor falls on castle walls 77
They drive home the cows from the pasture 29

PAGE
The year's at the spring 106
The summer and autumn had been so wet 25
The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home; 103
Tiger, tiger, burning bright 115
To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claverhouse who spoke: . . 162
Trample! trample! went the roan, ... 139
'Twas a jolly old pedagogue, long ago 43
'Twas on a Monday morning 187
Under the greenwood tree 219
Waken, lords and ladies gay, ... 105
Way down upon the Swanee Ribber, ... 71
When icicles hang by the wall, ... 138
When I was a beggarly boy 24

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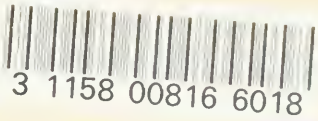

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